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FINEST LINE OF GOODS ON THE COAST—A FINE FIT GUARANTEED
SHIRTS TO ORDER A SPECIALTY

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THE GRATEFUL GOBLIN.

Nick Nickson was a woodchopper.

He had lived close to the forest for

many years with his wife and children.

It was seldom Nick went to town or any-

where else, because he had a great deal

of work to do to keep his family alive.

Wood hewing never was much of a pay-

ing business, and Nick found it no better.

He did the best he could in the best manner, and

for the rest he trusted to a kind Providence

to assist him and his wife and children.

Nick had now been going into the

woods for twenty-five years, and as he

was walking along this morning he was

thinking of that fact more than once.

"I have worked very hard," he muttered

to himself as he stopped before a beauti-

ful young oak tree ready to take off his

jack and start operations. "I have

worked very hard," he said again, "and

I think I ought to be pensioned off soon.

But I don't think I can much chance.

Where should I get the money to keep

my folks at home without work? But

there, it is no use growling now on the

day of my twenty-fifth anniversary in

the wood chopping line. Providence has

stood by me so long, and I don't think

shall be forgotten in the future. Do

your duty with all your might, with all

your strength, with all your ability, and

with an unwearied spirit of energy and

perseverance; that is my motto, and suc-

cess is bound to follow some time or

other."

By this time Nick had taken his top

coat off and laid it and his hat down in

the long grass. Then he took his ax in

his right hand, and then looking at the tree

from its base to its crown, he gave the

first blow. Thick splinters flew in all

directions, and Nick dropped his ax and

jumped back from the tree.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Did I

not hear a noise somewhere like the

whining of a child?"

He stood and listened for a few mo-

ments, but all seemed to be quiet. Then

he resumed his task. But he had only

made one more blow at the tree when he

was stopped again. This time he heard

these words: "Get me out! Get me out!"

"Who is it that calls there?" Nick

asked, who was not in the least afraid.

"It is I, the goblin of Blinkydale!" a

thin voice replied.

"But where are you to be found?"

"I am in the oak you have been hew-

ing at, and I hallowed out because I was

afraid you might kill me."

"Well, tell me where I ought to strike

in order to extricate you without doing

you any bodily harm," replied Nick

Nickson.

"The ax is too big and too sharp alto-

gether," now said the voice from the

tree; "take your pocket knife and start

cutting the bark about two feet from the

ground. But be very careful or you will

hurt me."

Nick took his knife and he began

cutting the bark. Piece by piece flew out,

until at last he got to a hollow space,

when the voice in the tree let out a shriek

that was so loud and so much like the

voice of a child, that he was shaken by it.

"Now you have cut my bark, you old

villain of a woodchopper," cried the

goblin. "Oh, I will kill you if you are

not careful!"

For Nick trembled with fear, because

he had often heard of goblins and their

crucity to people. But he soon realized

that he was yet master of the situation,

and he was not afraid of the goblin.

"Look here, Goblin," said Nick, "if

you mean to kill me when you get

out, I think I will leave you where you

are and go home. Good-by."

"For gracious sake, don't do that, my

good man, so hallowed the goblin; "I did

not mean what I said then, but you did

hurt me, and no mistake. But be care-

ful of my bark; it is very long, and it

hurts very much if you pull only one of

the hairs out. Now I will tell you some-

thing else. If you get me out without

doing me any more harm I will give you

a great reward, and make you the rich-

est man in the world."

"How did you get into that tree?"

asked Nick of the goblin.

"To tell you that would be a very long

story to relate. But it is sufficient for

you to know that I have been in that

tree twenty-five years, and I have got

me out of my long imprisonment, and I

will give you a reward when the time

comes."

With the last word the goblin had

vanished.

"Well, but where is my reward?" cried

Nick. "It is all very well to say I shall

have it when the time comes, but when

will that be? Oh, you mean little scamp

of a goblin, to get me first to extricate

you from an oak tree, where you were

trapped for twenty-five years, and then

run away from me because you are too

stingy to thank me for it. Ah! this is an

ungrateful, cruel world. Just when I

thought that I was to be made rich,

too, ah, well, never mind; let me con-

tinue at my work. Nick sighed and

went on with his work. He was long

and he was happy, good-by, and remem-

ber the Grateful Goblin."

He took a good look home with him, and

his dear ones lived in the future

as happy as happy can be.—Globe-Dem-

ocrat.

Where the silver maple grows,
You will find a little nook
That with solid silver flows.

These lines were signed, "Your Grate-
ful Goblin."

The man at once understood all. He

knew where the box came from, and he

knew that the goblin who had been in

the oak had intended this for Nick.

"Nick is a fool," the man said to him-

self. "I am going to lift the treasure. Why

did he not keep the box for himself?"

He accordingly went into the forest.

He found the little nook, just as he was

told, beside the silver maple tree. Ex-

amining the ground, he noticed a tiny

keyhole. He had already put the key

into the hole; he turned it around, and

he saw the shining silver in the nook,

when his hand was suddenly arrested by

the goblin.

"You are not the man who liberated

me from the oak tree!" said the little

man.

The thief then had to confess that he

got hold of the box because his neighbor

Nick could not read backward.

"Well, you had no business to be a

thief, and you certainly had no right to

take that box which did not belong to

you."

"I am sorry," replied the man; "if

you will forgive me I will go home and

tell Nickson all about this silver treas-

ure, and he can come and get it himself."

"No, there is no necessity for that.

Anyhow, I do not believe you would

keep your word. But now that you have

found this silver treasure, take it and

carry it to your home. It shall be yours."

Then the goblin vanished.

The man at once began to fill his pocket

with silver. When they were filled he

took his cap, then his handkerchief, then

he took off his coat and used it as a bag.

But when all was filled he could

not carry the load; it was too heavy. So

he had to leave some behind. He hurried

home and gave the silver to his wife,

then he took a wheelbarrow and returned

to the work by the brook. He loaded

the wheelbarrow with the silver, and

he took it to his home. On his way to

the work by the brook, he had to cross

a small bridge which led over a stream,

and when he was in the center of this

bridge the boards broke under him, and

he fell into the water. The load had

fallen down into the deep. The load had

been too heavy. The man was too

greedy; he wanted too much, and now

he was drowned and he had nothing at

all. He was fortunate for his wife and

children, but he had lost the treasure

home, and they were saved from

starvation.

Now we will return to Nick Nickson,

the woodchopper. He never missed the

little black box at all. Next morning he

returned to the forest and worked away

at chopping down trees as hard as ever.

Sometimes he would think about the

goblin, and then Nick would murmur:

"The world is very ungrateful. The next

goblin I find in a tree has to stay there

for all I care."

After he had chopped down one tree

he was astonished to find again a little

black box at the roots. He picked it up

again, and on the top of these words could

be read again: "Open me." But this

time the writing was straight, and not

backward; so Nick read it at once, and

of course, understood.

"Open yur! All right, that is easily

done." He put the box on the ground,

took his ax, lit his pipe and the box

was smashed. Inside Nick found a piece

of paper wound around a beautiful

golden key of the finest workmanship.

Nick took the paper and, looking at it

close, he saw that it contained the fol-

lowing verse:

At the castle on the mount
Is a golden treasure,
Where golden rods are often found
Waiting for your measure.

The slip of paper was signed: "The

Grateful Goblin." Nick looked at the

writing long and intently. "Well," he

said, at last, "I will at once go and find

out whether that goblin has played an

evil trick on me. I might as well be

foolish twice as once."

He immediately ran toward the moun-

tain, which stood not far into the forest.

Arrived there he climbed up the steep

ascent, and when he got to the walls of

the castle he walked all around until he

found the golden rod growing

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